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shining green above and yellow green beneath. The trunk and limbs of the leafless tree are full of grace and beauty; young leaves add a childlike charm; and gowned in autumn gold, the aspen is a magic tree, a part of fairyland. With golden leaves, it is classic in the sunshine, and in the moonlight its figure is spectral and mysterious.

Owing to the delicate poise of the aspen leaf, a mere breath sets it trembling. The leaf is roughly triangular, with serrated edges, and is held at the end of a long, slender springlike stem which barely supports it. This stem is flattened at right angles to the leaf, which, thus delicately suspended in the unrelenting air, is almost continuously quivering. In a moderate breeze, the vibrations andappings of the tremulous leaves reproduce the rippling melody of the brook. In a wind, the leaves are as laughing waters. In the sunshine, they glance light like a rivulet. During a quiet night with the moon, they play hide and seek, vanish and gleam, whisper and listen, in the romantic light.

Through the ages the activities of aspen leaves appear to have attracted the attention of mankind. All the old myths and legends concerning these merry leaves were burdened with fear, grief, and regret. Tennyson gives us this backward glimpse:

"But here will sigh thy alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by these will hum the bee,
Forever and forever."

But nowadays, every one appears to catch the hopeful spirit of the aspen.

Aspens are youth, eternal youth. No other trees known to me so completely express the elasticity, the bounding, boundless hopefulness of youth. Aspens are young throughout their life. Never are they serious. They are romping children; their bare legs, their mud- and water-wading habits, their dancing out of one thing into another, are all charmingly and faithfully childlike. Aspens believe in fairies—they are a part of Never-Never-Land, and they never will grow up!



MEDAL FOR SCULPTURE TO DANIEL C. FRENCH

At a Joint Meeting of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters held in New York, January 26, 1918, this honor medal for sculpture was decreed to Daniel C. French. The medal comes round to sculptors every seven years. The last time it was given posthumously to Augustus Saint-Gaudens, then deceased.